

ANOTHER STRIKE PROMISED.

With all of New York's traction facilities taxed to their utmost an interruption of the Manhattan "L" service would be a calamity of far-reaching consequences even if it did not involve sympathetic support. Yet it must be admitted that we have the elements ready at hand to bring it about. There is a grievance claimed by the men in the new contract, there is a refusal of the management to admit that there is any grievance and there is a perfect willingness on both sides to allow the public to bear the consequences. All of which are the customary features of such controversies.

In spite of the eloquence and wisdom devoted to explaining the true relations of labor and capital and the existence of the National Civic Federation for the settlement of all labor disputes the present year seems to be prolific in strikes beyond precedent, and especially in needless and preventable strikes.

In spite of discouraging experience we trust that wiser counsels will prevail and that a fair and amicable settlement will be reached.

The World's Progress.—Highly creditable in every way and full of promise for the country's future is the gathering at Atlanta, Ga., of the Negro Young People's Christian and Educational Congress, the largest gathering of negroes ever held in America.

THE GRAFTERS MUST GO.

The proof of extortion practised by city employees on the poor children who use the public baths is complete. The amount of blackmail wrung from the victims by the shameless vampires is unknown, but with thousands of children using each bath every hot day the graft need not feel ashamed to size up beside a gambling rake-off or a Tenderloin protection, and the attendants would if unmolested soon be able to contest a Tammany district leadership.

The last thing needed to complete the indictment against them is the report of Health Board Inspector Dr. Beusel that the bathhouses are kept so foul that in some of them the stench is well-nigh intolerable and the dressing-rooms are filthy and caked with dirt. And in the face of these facts we have the surprising spectacle of Commissioner Livingston declaring that "there is nothing in this charge of extortion," while the new Superintendent Weeks piteously pleads that "justice be tempered with mercy" and that these sordid grafters "be given an opportunity to redeem the past."

President Cantor is right in declaring that he will send them to jail if there is any way of doing it.

A Name to Fit.—A "sporty young Chicago millionaire" has named his automobile "The Reaper." It is a machine with a cowcatcher resembling that of a locomotive. Considering the achievements of automobiles in mowing down pedestrians this name seems to fit. "There is a reaper whose name is death."

THIS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

A star boarder in Marion, Mass., has been put through a course of treatment such as is reserved in the South for negroes charged with graver offenses. Because, forsooth, a suspicious populace fancied that he had won his landlady's love away from her husband he was ridden on a rail, tarred and feathered, his whiskers clipped. Then he was ordered to leave town. The mob numbered one hundred men, and those directly concerned in "disciplining" the victim wore masks.

"Massachusetts, there she stands," but not this time in a pleasing attitude. She has been wont to chide the Carolinas for this sort of thing when the excuse for the punishment inflicted seemed good. She has made mean remarks about lynching bees in Georgia. Perhaps even now her vision, cast so far away, will not take notice of what is happening at her feet. Southerners may not care. They can content themselves with the reflection that the punitive act was rather rudely done, as by those unfamiliar with the etiquette of such affairs. In their excess of virtuous wrath the mob overdid it.

A Very Bad Example.—It does not look well when so rich and prosperous and highly favored a corporation as the New York Central has to be proceeded against as a smoke-producing nuisance.

THE STRENUOUS SPIRIT.

An unknown rifleman perched high up in one of the Broadway skyscrapers has found an opening for rifle practice in the city by using the west face of the City Hall clock as a target, and while not a perfect marksman he has made some clever shots and with practice would doubtless improve.

While his selection of the City Hall clock as a target cannot be approved, his spirit is most commendable. It is "the spirit of the age." When President Roosevelt entertained a Boer General he could offer him no better entertainment than a revolver match. Has he not just been telling the citizen soldiers at Sea Girt that the chief end of man was to shoot straight? Was he not yesterday giving his personal attention to the big gun practice at Gardiner's Bay?

It is the same abroad. When the Kaiser visits the Czar he is not also entertained at Revel with big gun practice on a new warship?

It is possible that the marksman in the skyscraper may have had his mind disturbed by the influence of strenuous example "higher up."

AT SARATOGA.

In many respects Saratoga is just now the most interesting of American cities—a summer capital with the fastest horseflesh of the nation gathered there, the fastest men, too, and with ladies present whose display of diamonds is something superior to anything previously vouchsafed the blinded eyes of the spectator. More than \$1,000,000 worth of such jewels are locked up overnight in the safes of two hotels in the intervals of exhibitions at the racetrack. It is a gorgeous and glittering crowd and life there is at its liveliest. The waters of European spas serve as a sufficient excuse to attract a lively crowd. Saratoga at present is Baden-Baden and Homburg and Monte Carlo in one. For Canfield's is not to be forgotten as one of the prime moving attractions of the place.

In the days before the war Saratoga was the hospitable summer home of great wealth, much of it from the South. The planter cut as wide a swath as the merchant prince, but it was a case then of fortunes of hundreds of thousands where now there are millions. The gliding is deeper than it was, the pace faster, the life a little more feverish.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

HIGH HEROISM.

You may talk of Mr. Caesar and the fighting men of old. Of Dewey, Schley and Hobson and of other heroes bold. But their courage can't compare with the brave chap who, on a trip To the seaside, dare refuse the haughty waiter-man a tip.

IN THE COUNTRY.

"At last I have an auto!" "Automobile?" "No. Autocrat. She's the new cook."

WELL NAMED.

"Why are prisoners called jail-birds?" "Because they fly every chance they get."

HOW HE DID IT.

"How did Mr. Stuckup sprain his wrist?" "Probably in an effort to pat himself on the back."

PROBABLY.

"What do you suppose Senator Platt talked about when he went to see the President?" "Oh, he just talked Plattitudes, I suppose."

UNEXPECTED SUCCESS.

"I hear your son went West to grow up with the country. Did he succeed?" "Yes, indeed. In fact, some men went so far as to lift him some yards above the country with a rope."

BORROWED JOKES.

CONTAMINATED.

"You are an authority on history, I believe?"

"No," replied the scholar, sadly. "I used to be before I began reading historical novels."—Chicago Post.

A GOOD REASON.

"Why are so many Americans interested in the coronation?" asked the English nobleman in a slightly supercilious tone.

"Well," answered the American, who had just pulled his monocle from the back of his neck and was busy getting the point of his sword out of the heel of his shoe, "a coronation is about the only thing you have which we don't feel able to reproduce and improve on in our own country."—Washington Star.

SOME BODIES.

CHESTER, REV. WILLIAM—the Milwaukee clergyman, is champion of the local tennis club.

GRAHAM, A. S.—of New Brunswick, N. J., has a fad for collecting costume portraits of actors who have played Hamlet. He has just received a photograph of Grand Duke Constantine, of Russia, as the Dane.

HERMANN, EMANUEL—who died this week in Vienna, is said to have originated the postal card.

LONGFELLOW, H. W.—turned out on an average one volume of verse a year. And hardly one "Ode to Spring" in the whole bunch.

ROTHSCHILD, LORD—declares he can sleep better at the theatre than anywhere else. The actor who can make him sleep soundly will hardly turn that fact over to his press agent for publication.

MATTICE, THE REV. DR.—of the fashionable Throg's Neck (N. Y.) Presbyterian Church, is about to start a co-operative grocery store.

SCHRIVEN, MAJOR—who is to have charge of the coast signal stations on Long Island during the army and navy manoeuvres, says he will use the Marconi telegraph system.

THE CART HORSE.

Some days the faces on the street Are clouded all, and dull; And near or far not one I see To call it beautiful.

Oh, heavy, heavy is my heart, And is the spirit blind— That I am stricken with a doubt Because of humankind?

Until I rest my looks upon Some cart horse standing by, With patient forehead, weary mane, And uncomplaining eye.

And pat him on the brow, I do, Because I have a mind To thank him, just that he will be So beautiful and kind.

—Josephine Preston Peabody in Harper's.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

An Aquatic Form of "L" Hog.—To the Editor of The Evening World: I have heard a great deal of talk about the "pig" on the "L," and I want to say that I have met his "brother." He doesn't ride on the "L," but on the ferry-boats. One of his "acts" is to take about five camp stools (one to sit on, one for his "nose" and one for his parcels, etc.), while other people have to stand, bundle and all.

A VICTIM OF MR. PIG.—Congratulates "Loveless."

To the Editor of The Evening World: "Loveless" writes that he has reached twenty-six and never fallen in love, and asks why. "Loveless" you are a lucky lobster. Twenty-six and not in love yet! Say, "Loveless," you'd better

be single for all time. Love is a stage joke and the laugh ends in a week. Will you meet your fate some day? you ask. Well, you bet your boots you will, but meanwhile you're the whole show when it comes to luck.

WISERACK.—As to the Coal Trust.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "Touchin' on an appertainin' to" the Coal Trust, can we wonder that it should have been decreed that it should be hard for the rich man to enter heaven, when such grabbers were to inhabit the earth? Let the rich men take a lesson from the life of the late Rabbi Joseph, who held the highest position of the church, and yet died penniless. Not necessarily give all they have, but per-

haps one-tenth. How much more to their credit instead of having their names on the front door of a marble building to show who presented it, if they should take a little of the time which they spend in getting more wealth and try to drop a few dollars in the hand of some poor woman who is struggling to keep her home and family together.

Says There Are More Trees.—To the Editor of The Evening World: A. N. Hawes asks are there more trees or more people in the world. I am no authority on trees, but it takes me five minutes to conclude that there are many times more trees than people. It would be a pretty inconvenient thing for mankind if there were

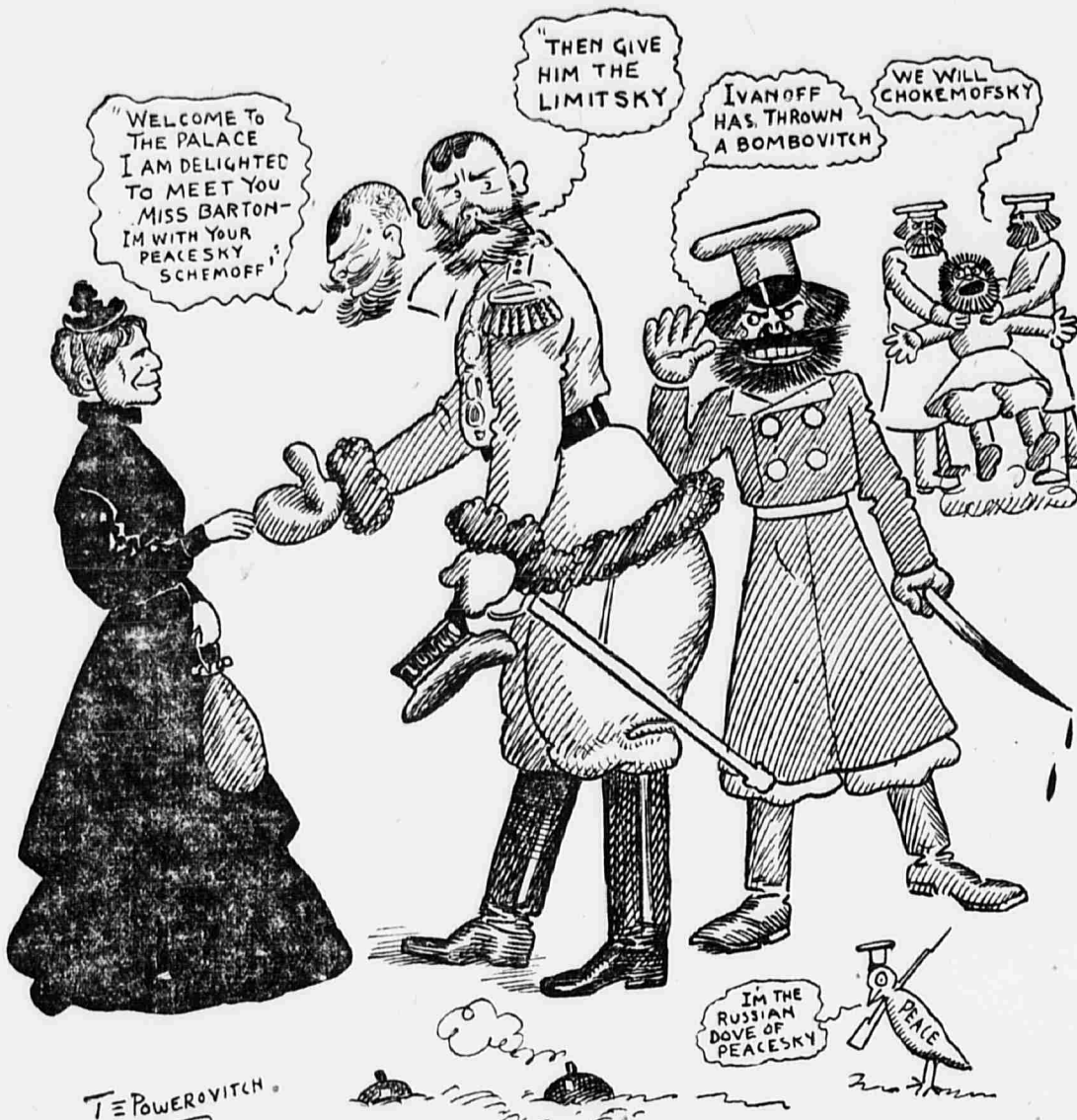
more people than trees. According to the quantity of fruit consumed annually, there must be at least one fruit tree to each inhabitant. Then consider all the immense forests scattered all over the globe. This continent and Africa in particular. It would be the most experienced census man to form an approximate idea of the number of these thousands of millions of trees. But China, with her 500,000,000 inhabitants? There's the puzzle. For centuries she has been using wood for fuel, superstitious having prevented her from opening coal mines, and it would seem she must be short on trees.

F. DECKMANN.—To the Editor of The Evening World: Who was the author of a book entitled "The Giddy?" H. ANDERSON, Morris Plains, N. J.

Yours on the level, OWEN KILDARE.

The Funny Side of Life.

CLARA BARTON AND THE CZAR.



Effusively the Great White Czar grasped Clara Barton's hand, And threw her chunks of welcome to his hectic, bomb-strewn land. But while describing merry laws for peace he'd like to frame, The student and the Nihilist got swatted just the same.

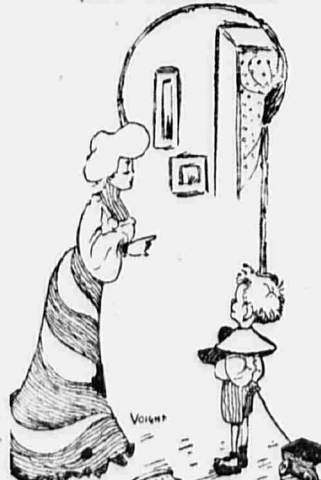
TOUCHING.



HIS RECORD.



BAD EXAMPLE.



EXPLAINED.



AN AUTHORITY.



UNNECESSARY.



ODDITY CORNER.

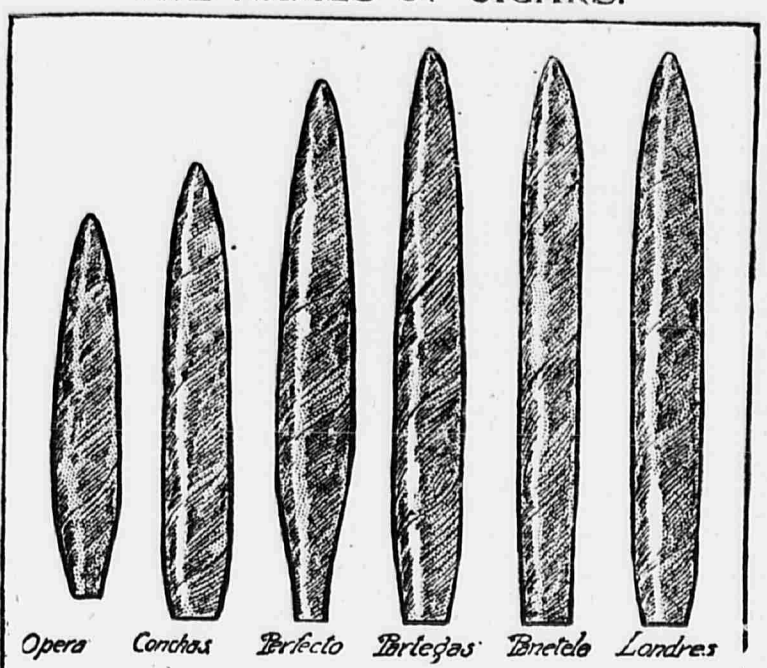
WOMAN'S WORK.

More than 6,300,000 French women work for their living. Most of these outside workers (more than 2,700,000) are employed in forestry or agriculture, including women land owners. Industrial occupations claim nearly 2,000,000 more, the cloister 130,000, the theatre about 15,000 and the liberal professions 135,460.

GIRLS SCARCE.

In all but 11 of the 52 States and Territories the male outnumber the female population. These 11 States are along the Atlantic seaboard. California contains the greatest excess of men, the recorded number being 155,000; Minnesota comes second, with 113,556; Texas third, with 100,000, and Pennsylvania fourth, with 105,007.

THE NAMES OF CIGARS.



Few people know that the names "Perfecto," "Conchas," etc., as applied to cigars, refer in no way to the quality of the cigar, but merely to its shape. A "perfecto" thus may cost 50 cents or two cents, and still be a "perfecto." "Opera" cigars are so called because they are little enough to smoke between acts. The "Londres" cigars, packed 100 in a box, in two bundles tied with ribbon, were named by their makers "Reina Victoria" in honor of England's late Queen.

ARTISTIC SMOKESTACK.

It has remained for a New Orleans railway company to discover the decorative and advertising value of a smokestack. Its height obviously renders it a conspicuous feature of the city's perspective, and when encircled with a spiral of incandescent lamps it stands out in the night a veritable beacon of light. The top is decorated with clusters of lamps, the light from which reflected on the clouds of smoke issuing from the chimney make a most pleasing picture.

THE FIRST OF ITS KIND.

The peace agreement between the British and Boer leaders is typewritten, and is probably the first instrument of the kind. Louis Botha's signature is described as being in a "fine, clerical hand." The others are all somewhat rougher, and Delarey's is stated to be the roughest of all. By the way, he splits his name into three syllables, thus: de la Rey, while his redoubtable colleague of the late Free State signs himself Christian de Wet, also with a small "q."

TYING A HORSE TO A HOLE.



Knocking on the hot sand, the Indian digs with his hands. He works until he has made a hole about two feet deep. He then ties an immense knot in the end of the halter rope, lowers it into the bottom of the hole, fills the hole with sand and then jumps and stamps upon it until the earth over the knot is about as solid as the rock of Gibraltar.

THE BOWERY GIRL'S LIKENESS.

Owen Kildare Answers a Few Correspondents, Who Wrote in Regard to "The Party."

Listen! So many letters have come to me recently asking for information concerning The Party that I find it impossible to answer them all by mail and will endeavor to reply to my correspondents in the following lines:

TO I. K. S.—I am sorry, but I have only one photo of The Party and, of course, cannot send you that. Besides, to be quite candid, even had I more I would not send you one. I do not mean to be rude, but have good reasons for taking this stand. Only a short time ago The Party informed me that her employers were about to "put her on the cans." She did not dare to tell me the scheme in detail and I was obliged to call at her shop. I had no more than opened the door when I was confronted by a life-size lithograph of her asking me to "Say Ku-Ku." Now, I feel somewhat flattered at this tribute to my Party's prettiness, but could not permit to have her likeness travel through the country on canned soup or tomatoes. As soon as oil will be cheaper I am going to have her painted, and then you and others can have the pleasure of seeing her picture in the museum in Central Park. On the other hand, I am compelled to say that I do not think you are overladen with courtesy yourself. You were not at all bashful about asking for The Party's picture, while I have a whole bunch of intypes of myself, which I cannot give away no matter how hard I try.

TO SUSIE M.—I am very glad to hear that the girl who works alongside of you is sufficiently pretty to be suspected of being The Party, but am afraid your suspicions are wrong. She is not following your trade and, furthermore, does not work alongside of anybody, but has been promoted, and now quite a number of girls work "under me."

TO W. M. C.—Let me assure you that The Party is very much "fresh and blood" and not a creation of imagination. I ought to tell you, because I had the pleasure of paying for several "little bites" after coming from Tony Pastor's. Her appetite is glorious; even ice-cream is not despised and is eaten without any partiality to any special flavor. Another proof of her substantiality should be the fact that I love her, and, being a very materially-minded fellow, I would have serious trouble in loving a phantom.

TO W. N.—Your request is somewhat embarrassing. You will understand it is no easy matter for me to give a correct and yet just description of The Party. Were I to tell you she appears to me you would doubt my sanity or else take me for a bum poet. All I can say is that she has the full allowance of ears, eyes and limbs; wears her light hair out of style, because I insist on the little curl on the forehead, which is now out of date; has never been to a dentist—therefore her shining rows of teeth, framed by a mouth which can pout, smile, pucker up for a certain purpose and tell some plain home truths in a manner both refreshing and fearless; does not wear horse buckles on the finest brogans ever made, and is just tall enough to bring the forehead little curl on an exact level with my lips. Should you wish to get a look of her let me tell you that she passes through Chambers street every morning at 8 A. M. accompanied by a certain individual, more able-bodied than handsome. This same individual, should you care to ask him, will give you the most convincing proof that you are at the right address. Hope to meet you some morning.

TO MISS E. L.—You ask by what name I address The Party and what her name is, as you cannot conceive her being called "Party" by me in daily intercourse. The reason for not giving her name are somewhat similar to those refusing the request for the photo. I do not care to have her go up in smoke by having cigars named after her; neither do I care to have chewing gum or chocolate kisses or corsets or tomato catsup identified with her. As to what I call her, why, just pause for a moment and think what your "he" calls her, and you will see I love my Party we surely have our terms of endearment from the same dictionary. My Party won't stand for anything silly and I never offer her, surely, there is a long list to choose from, beginning with that well-known "tootsie-wootsie" to plain "my girl" or "girl o mine."

A COLONIAL KNOCKER.



FREAKS OF ETIQUETTE.

In the domains of royalty the rigid observance of ancient customs is not altogether without its humorous aspect. In the Spanish Court it is the custom on the birth of a royal infant to place the offspring of royalty upon a silver tray and thus tender the child to its father, who exclaims, "It is a Prince," or Princess, as the case may be. In Russia the Czar, when going out for a drive, must on no account permit any one to know beforehand what road he intends to take; as the drive progresses the driver is directed where to go. In both the Russian and Austrian courts no dish must be placed a second time at the royal table, even though it had not been touched the first time it was served, says the London Tatler. Our own court is freer than any other from such customs, which are usually retained at the sacrifice of common sense. The sound common sense which is as characteristic of King Edward as it was of his mother has always been opposed to antiquated formalities at court.